THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

" *Ye writers of what none with safety reads,*
" *Footing it in the dance that fancy leads:*
" *Ye novelists, who mar what ye would mend,*
" *Sniv'ling and driv'ling folly without end;*
" *Whose corresponding Misses fill the ream*
" *With sentimental frippery and dream,*
" *Caught in a delicate soft silken net*
" *By some lewd earl, or [illegible]ke-hell baronet:*
" *Ye pimps, who, under virtue's fair pretence,*
" *Steal to the closet of young innocence,*
" *And teach her, inexperienc'd yet and green,*
" *To scribble as you scribbled at fifteen;*
" *Who, kindling a combustion of desire,*
" *With some cold moral think to quench the fire;*
" *Though all your engineering proves in vain,*
" *The dribbling stream ne'er puts it out again:*
" *Oh that a verse had power, and could command*
" *Far, far away, these flesh-flies of the land;*
" *Who fasten without mercy on the fair,*
" *And suck, and leave a craving maggot there.*
" *Howe'er disguis'd th' inflammatory tale,*
" *And cover'd with a fine-spun specious veil;*
" *Such writers, and such readers, owe the gust*
" *And relish of their pleasure all to lust.*" COWPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COMPANION.

Sir,

FROM the ardour of curiosity which the Eloisa of Rosseau has excited, and the avidity with which it has been read, it is a task of no small use & importance to examine its high pretensions to literary reputation. Upon a candid investigation of its merits, it is a question not very easy of solution, whether the good or bad of that celebrated composition predominates; whether the author intended to enlist it as an auxiliary in the service of virtue, or dressed it in a disguised habit to promote the cause of irreligion. Characters are held up to our view as complete models for imitation, polluted with crimes that in some instances are palliated and in others defended. They profess allegiance to virtue, pay her homage, and avail themselves of her name to accomplish designs which are no sooner effected than they desert her shrine and transfer their adoration to the goddess of love. When persons destitute of principle profane the sacred name of virtue by making her their constant theme of declamation without practising her maxims in the busy scenes of life, what are we to conclude but that she is exhibited for the purposes of mockery? To explain the probable design of the author it will be necessary to make a concise analysis of the characters introduced into this singular romance.

St. Preux, (with whom we will begin) though a youth himself, undertakes the education of Eloisa, and in the capacity of preceptor enjoys the unbounded confidence of all her relations. He becomes enamoured of his pupil, and instead of openly addressing her or flying from his danger, secretly corresponds with her, and cherishes a passion to the gratification of which the pride of family presented an insufferable barrier. While in this situation he is loaded with a profusion of kindness and generosity, he has the baseness to betray his charge and dishonour Eloisa. This event prepares for her a poignancy of remorse which is destined to embitter the remainder of her days; and her family are overwhelmed with affliction and disgrace. After this perfidious conduct he is compelled to renounce for ever his claims to Eloisa. When we next enquire after this philosopher, whose soul we are informed was purified by a chaste and noble passion, we find him encircled in the arms of an abandoned courtezan. Candour and friendship demand that he should transmit his mistres an accurate detail of the circumstances attending his seduction. With this subject and the favourite one of adultery, he entertains the modest Eloisa in a long epistle. Adopting the vices of every country he visits, we can calculate his conduct by the parallels of latitude. He who at Paris with the sanction of custom and opinion tries to throw a gloss over the scandalous crime of adultery, does

not fail when at London to step forth the champion of suicide. In its defence he exhausts all the arts and resources of sophistry. Overcome by the solicitations of his friends, he submits to live. To recover his wonted tranquility of mind he accompanies Anson on a voyage of discovery, and after an absence of six years he revisits his native country. Here he finds Eloisa a wife and a mother; and enjoying all the sweets of connubial felicity. Mr. and Mrs. Wolmar invite him to Clarens, entreat him to reside with them, load him with caresses, and are even desirous of making him preceptor to their children. In return for all this confidence and cordiality, he seizes the first opportunity to endeavour to add fresh wounds to the afflicted heart of Eloisa, and to enlarge the catalogue of his crimes by a new offence. In quest of innocent recreation Eloisa and himself embark on the lake of Geneva; here they exercise their benevolence by decoying the finny race, to enjoy the rapture of restoring the captives to freedom. Overtaken by a storm, they take refuge in the village of Meillirie. After dinner he prevails on her to accompany him in a walk to a romantick spot in the neighbourhood of that town. Circumstances attending their early acquaintance rendered this place peculiarly interesting. He now with symptons of eagerness and transport recalls to her memory scenes that it was criminal to recollect, and tries to awaken emotions that should have slumbered forever. In hopes she will yield again a prey to her weakness, he paints in lively colours the soft endearments in which they once indulged with so much rapture. Discovering his object, however, she escapes the insidious snare. After this adventure he persists in residing at a house where his presence was a source of continual disquietude. Under the pretence of friendship he keeps her in a constant state of alarm; and exposes her to conflicts which were not only useless, but which he knew she was not very likely to sustain with success. Such was the conduct of the philosophick, the virtuous St. Preux. High encomiums are lavished in his praise. Many of the actions I have mentioned the author treats as trivial foibles at worst, in an amiable character. St. Preux himself no where shews signs of penitence; and why should he repent of what he deemed laudable? How far this man is entitled to our admiration cannot be esteemed a very difficult problem. The world must consider him as an infamous seducer, that under the mask of virtue was a perpetual terror to innocence.

Let us proceed to Eloisa. This lady not only carries on a surreptitious intercourse by letter with her lover, but consents to interviews and assignations. Perceiving that she could not by ordinary methods prevail on her father to humour her inclination, with an unparallelled generosity she makes a deliberate offer of her chastity to St. Preux, in hopes that the fruit of their loves might effect what all other means were found inadequate to accomplish. This offer her paramour is too grateful to reject. Thus she sports with that modesty, the loss of which sinks the female character into contempt, infamy, and degradation. The scheme proving abortive, she repeats the experiment; but in vain. St. Preux being detected in his amours, is discarded, and formally relinquishes his title. Thus frustrated in her projects, her hand is solicited by another; and though her heart was estranged from him, she consents to marry Mr. Wolmar, to enable her father to fulfil a promise that never was obligatory. The same virtuous Eloisa who had resolutely surrendered her own honour to obtain the object of her affections, now submissively unites herself to one who could not but excite her aversion, for the sake of the imaginary honour of her father. She feels no compunction at the palpable imposition on her husband. When brought to the altar of Hymen, she suddenly forgets her *Abelard*, and (amazing to tell!) with the utmost sincerity vows eternal fidelity to Mr. Wolmar. After being married she discovers in her husband a confirmed atheist; and this reflection mars every enjoyment. It is not long, however, before she is willing to believe that the doors of mercy will not be shut against him; and it cannot be otherwise than that when his soul separates from his body, and wings its flight from this transitory state, his virtue will entitle him to a seat in the mansions of bliss. She is made to advocate the monstrous doctrine that a man's works without faith will ensure his salvation though he is bred in a christian country, and though he does not believe in a *saviour*, or even in a creator. Purity of motives, however, has always been deemed indispensibly necessary towards constituting the merit of an action. But what motive to influence him in doing good can he have who entertains no idea of an hereafter? What kind of virtue can that be, which has not for its basis a belief in the immortality of the soul? On consoling herself for the infidelity of her husband, she does not hesitate to say that he does not avoid truth, but that truth hides itself from him. What is this but impiously to accuse Almighty Goodness of injustice? This virtuous woman, this pattern of christian morality, must have been at all events but little conversant in holy writ, or she could not be ignorant that "whosoever seeks shall find, and to him who knocks it shall be opened unto him." Among the duties of a mother, in the discharge of which we are told Elo

was so eminently exemplary, it is matter of surprize that the reading of the scriptures is no where mentioned. On the contrary, she did not approve of children committing the catechism to memory. To finish her character, it is thought proper she should entertain on the subject of religion doctrines heterodox and sciſmatic. She possesses peculiar notions of the resurrection. Though on the brink of futurity, a situation usually highly interesting to christians, she never lifts her eyes to the Deity to implore his mercy or forgiveness. Notwithstanding her life was far from being unstained with guilt, she feels confident of everlasting happiness. Whence did she derive her assurance? Though her understanding was too feeble to discourse profoundly on religion, yet she could treat the subject of education with temper, accuracy, and depth. Such is the virtuous, the amiable Eloisa. She is proposed for our imitation, and is represented to be a paragon of excellence. Is there not too much reason to think that she does not merit the lofty panegyricks that are bestowed on her?

The next person that challenges our attention is Mr. Wolmar. This man is called the great, the virtuous Wolmar. The first atchievement of virtue which this gentleman performs is his marriage to a girl whose heart is previously engaged. Though aware that he could not calculate on her love, he does not scruple to jeopardize her peace and tranquility of mind during the rest of her life. He would extort from her that homage which was due to another, and which he had no reasonable ground to expect. After marriage he entertains the former lover of his wife, and by exposing her virtue to reiterated struggles, cruelly and ridiculously sports with conjugal fidelity. Had she fallen by his indiscreet confidence, he might justly have accused himself of being an accomplice in her guilt. The virtuous Wolmar in a short time discloses himself to be an atheist. He refutes all the arguments in favour of christianity, and reads no other volume than the book of nature. He is ashamed to shed tears at the distresses of his wife, resolves never to be guilty of that weakness in future, and invites his friends to his house to indulge in that grief of which he laments his constitutional deprivation. I pity the person on whom M. Rosseau can palm this man as a model of virtue.

Let us now attend to the redoubtable Lord B. From his chivalric spirit this gentleman would have made a distinguished figure in the 14th century. It is to be regretted the damsels of those ages could not have the benefits of his services. His adventures are deemed so exquisite, that they are comprized in a separate account. On his first introduction to us, we find him projecting the magnanimous design of tearing an infatuated girl from the bosom of her parents. To render two lovers independent, he generously offers to surrender to their use his paternal estate. When we pursue this great man in his virtuous career, we detect him in Italy in adultery with the wife of a marquis. His scandalous behavour brings the unfortunate marquis to an untimely grave. When he discovers the marchioness to be married, with an unparalleled controul of his passions, he denies himself the gratification of his libidinous propensities by continuing the connection. The marchioness, neglected by Lord B. dies in distraction and despair. Scarcely disengaged from this infamous woman, this peer of England is intently occupied in the extravagant enterprize of reclaiming a notorious prostitute from the paths of vice. He had first solicited of her a share of those favours which she had been accustomed to dispense with a profuse liberality; but, wonderful to hear! he was denied. To enhance his value, he is a celebrated duellist. His intimacy with women of bad character never subjects him to the slightest reprehension. Under such dishonourable circumstances, in such disgraceful and humiliating situations, has Rosseau thought proper to represent a peer of the kingdom of Great Britain: not satisfied with insulting a respectable and enlightened peerage, he has the face to call this man the great, the virtuous Lord B. How he was calculated to promote the cause of virtue, I am at a loss to conceive.

The next personage which claims notice is Clara. This lady on her first appearance distinguishes herself by a pious zeal in fostering the passion of Eloisa for St. Preux. We then behold her uniting herself, though under no restraint, to a man for whom she does not even pretend to entertain an affection. Whether a maid or widow, she is meritoriously employed in practising the delightful arts and wiles of coquettry. She, too, is a phenomenon of perfectibility: but wherein it consists is not very obvious.

M. and Madame D'Etange are certainly no great prodigies. We see nothing commendable in the excessive indulgence of the one, or the bigoted prejudice of the other.

What moral would Rosseau have us deduce from his romance? Would he teach children to pay unlimited deference to parental authority? to avoid the formation of attachments with persons of inferiour rank? Eloisa obeys her parents, and marries a man in the same condition of life. But she is unhappy, and in the bloom of life dies a violent death.

Eloisa and Clara marry, yet feel only a species of friend-

ship for their husbands. What are we to conclude from this? Is it that we cannot expect true and permanent happiness in a union founded on love?

Mr. Wolmar indeed presents us with a moral which is much less equivocal. Though an atheist, the author considers him as an instance of the most sublime virtue. Then infidelity inspires its votaries with incentives to great good actions, equally with the united and rational precepts of christianity. This arrow though oblique in its direction, seems aimed against our holy religion.

The unlawful intercourse between the sexes so far from being reprobated in this romance, is indirectly justified. Is there not something singularly ridiculous in Eloisa's continually prating about virtue, at the same time that she gratifies gross appetites and cannot persuade herself to condemn the indulgence? In the cant about reason and its almighty power, observable in this performance, there is too much of that false philosophy which disgraced the latter part of the last century. The characteristic of the style of Eloisa may be considered as that of a studied elegance. It is however very unequal, being alternately easy, negligent, laboured and voluptuous.

This whole performance bears strong marks of being the production of the same pen. The same sentimental language, the same disposition to philosophize, the same fine-spun thoughts are apparent in all the letters. It appears however in some instances rather a collection of essays, than letters. We are presented with long dissertations on duelling, on the management of servants, and the education of children. Sometimes it assumes the appearance of dialogue. Some of the letters are more adapted to the understandings of children than men; others are so exceedingly dull as to defy reading. The author appears frequently to forget that circumstances which are interesting to the parties concerned are many times in the narration insupportably insipid to others.

The characters in Eloisa are not strongly marked. The nice traits, the delicate features, the slight shades, the fine tints that discriminate from each other, individuals whose manners, habits, dispositions and understandings are in a general view the same; are not delineated in a masterly manner. When so many persons are constituted peers in virtue, they cannot do otherwise than speak and act alike. There is no point in the whole circle of perfection which they do not occupy jointly. It is not extraordinary therefore that they should be confounded with one another. The character of Clara is well pourtrayed in the 121st letter but it is not supported. Her coquettish sprightliness soon turns to insipid sentiment. Eloisa contradicts herself respecting the dishonour that happened to her person. Sometimes she represents it as arising from the violence of a passion she could not resist. But in the final account she renders to St. Preux, she alledges it to have been wilful.

The narrative in this romance repeatedly languishes: we sometimes, it is true, are treated with a letter whose beauty of composition encourages us to proceed. The interest is by no means well supported. Too much room is occupied with trite aud frivolous remarks, common place observations, hackneyed arguments and exploded sophistry. The eagerness of the reader is seldom excited; and when it is it soon abates. He often grows impatient, weary, and fatigued with his author. It is with extreme difficulty that he can prevail upon himself to accompany him to the conclusion. He is often disgusted with bombast. When St. Preux tells Eloisa that the whole world should pay her homage, what reader can preserve the gravity of his muscles? when he informs her he would forego happiness in the next world to be united with her in this, who is not shocked with his impiety?

In a romance it is surely no great presumption in the reader to expect the incidents to be numerous, lively and agreeable. In all these respects however, in Eloisa we have to endure the chagrin of disappointment. We are doomed to undergo the mortification of encountering perpetual sterility, flatness and dulness.

It would be a violation of candour not to confess that in Eloisa there are many passages exquisitely fine, and that many of the brightest virtues which adorn the human character are inculcated. But I cannot resist the impression that the book upon the whole has a pernicious tendency, and that he is indifferently rewarded who gives it a perusal.

LONGINUS.

March 21st, 1805.

Mr. Easy,

The piece signed *A Married Man*, in your last, I read with great attention, expecting every moment to meet with something that would lessen my regrets, and give me cause to congratulate myself on having made a fortunate escape. Now, thought I, shall I see matrimony pourtrayed in true colours, by one who has been initiated: this Married Man will undoubtedly expose its vexations and inquietudes; perhaps the marriage state is not fraught with as much happiness as my imagination paints; there may be many secret troubles that I am not acquainted

with, and which may more than balance the show of pleasure and content I witness when passing an evening with a domestick circle. The families I visit do but confirm the high opinion I entertain, and serve as so many examples to illustrate the truth of my observations. But I was greatly disappointed; the *Married Man* has no complaint whatever against matrimony; on the contrary, he acknowledges himself as a husband extremely happy; his wife (he says) was a worthy woman, with habits suited to their situation; it is as a *parent* he suffers, but not because he is a parent; I scarce ever heard of a married couple who did not view their children as their greatest blessings; though to make them so in a great measure rests with themselves. No, his being a husband or a parent does not cause his unhappiness; but if we sift the matter, we shall find the primary cause is his growing *rich*, without at the same time growing more capable of giving his children the true direction in their pursuits through life. It was his wish that they should make a figure in the fashionable world, that they might display his wealth; and was willing to sink his consequence in *their* eyes, to raise *theirs* in the circle of fashion: this erroneous education filled their heads with the most absurd ideas of their superiority over their parents, and taught them to treat with contempt, those whom nature, religion, and every moral duty would bind them to love and respect. Youth requires a skilful guide; when left to itself it will not resist the flowery paths of pleasure; the allurements of gaiety and fashion will lead far from the sober walks of useful and solid pursuits. Had virtue and morality been instilled into their minds before they were of an age to mix in what is called the gay world, the unfortunate parent would not have to complain of their insensibility and ingratitude.

It is not to be supposed that an old bachelor can know much about young children: the little I possess is gathered from observations I have made in families I am intimate with; the children seeing me so often feel no restraint from my presence; I therefore witness their passions as exhibited in their intercourse with each other; but no sooner does the parent appear, than they all run to prefer their complaint; his or her judgment they think infallible, and are quite satisfied that the decree, be it what it may, is just. Thus it appears to me that nature implants in the bosom of a child, obedience, veneration, confidence, and the truest affection, towards the parent: the sentiments are strengthened by habit: we often see persons beloved and respected by their children, who are despised by every body else. Your correspondent mistakes very much when he supposes the *superiour* education he has bestowed on his children is the cause of their ingratitude; a *good* education would have been the true mean to ensure their good conduct, and would have been a more valuable legacy to them, than all the wealth he has accumulated; instead of neglecting and despising them, the most sacred obligations would live in their hearts; filial affection and tenderness would smooth their passage to the grave, and with the memory of them they would cherish gratitude and respect.

You see, Mr. Easy, I have gathered nothing from the complaints of the *Married Man*, that renders the matrimonial state less enviable; his troubles proceed from his own errors, and not from matrimony; beside, I think the picture he has drawn is too highly coloured, it might apply to the licentious manners of Europe, but in this country, I am induced to believe, the evils he complains of do not exist. As I still view matrimony as comprising the most desirable blessings within the reach of mortal man, I must still regret that I am

AN OLD BACHELOR.

MONTESQUIEU.*

Thus has the renowned Author of the Spirit of Laws drawn his own character.

I have rarely experienced chagrin or listlessness. The temper of my mind is so happily framed, that all objects strtke me with sufficient force to excite pleasure, but not with sufficient force to excite pain. I possess ambition enough to interest myself in the affairs of this life, but none to be disgusted with the situation wherein nature has placed me. Study has been the sovereign remedy against all the disquietudes of life, having never experienced any anxiety which an hour's reading did not dispel. I am almost as well pleased with fools as with men of sense; for there are few men so tiresome, as not to amuse me; and very often there is nothing so entertaining as a silly fellow.—I have always had a puerile fear of the generality of great men; but, when I have known them, there have been scarcely any bounds to my contempt of them.—I had naturally a love for the good and honour of my country, but little for what is called glory.—When I travelled into foreign parts, I felt the same attachment to them as to my own country. I took a lively interest in their welfare, and wished they had been in a more prospe-

* He was born near Bordeaux, in 1689.—He published, in 1721, *Persian Letters*, and, in 1734 a much esteemed work on *The Causes of the Grandeur and Decline of the Romans;* but his greatest performance is *The Spirit of Laws.*——He died in 1755.

rous state. I have thought that I discovered talents in men, who are reported to possess none. When angry, which rarely happens, I show it without reserve. I have never seen a tear fall without being sensibly affected. I am passionately fond of friendship. I readily forgive, because I am not vindictive. When any one wishes to be reconciled to me, I have felt my vanity flattered, and have no longer considered as an enemy the man who has done me the favour of giving a good opinion of myself. I have never suffered my temper to be ruffled by tale-bearers; and would not take the trouble of hating. It is as impossible for me to pay a visit with an interested motive, as for me to stand on the air. When I mingled with the world, I enjoyed it as if I could never endure retirement; when on my estate, I thought no more of the world. I believe I am the only man who has published books without being anxious of obtaining the reputation of a wit. I never wished to appear so in company. I have preserved all my friends, with the exception of one. I live with my children on the footing of friends. Bashfulness has been the bane of my life; it seems to extinguish my senses, to tie up my tongue, to throw a cloud over my ideas, and to derange my expressions.*——I am a good subject, and should have been the same, in whatever country I had been born, because I have been always satisfied with my condition and fortune, have never been ashamed of them, nor envied those of other men; because I wish for no other favour than the inestimable advantage of sharing in its blessings in common with the rest of my countrymen; and I thank Heaven, that, having given me mediocrity in all things, it has been pleased to endue my mind with a spirit of moderation. I wish to have unaffected manners, to receive as few favours as possible, and to do as many as are in my power. If the immortality of the soul *be* a delusion, I should be sorry not to believe in it; for, I confess, I am not so humble as the atheists: I know how *they* think; but, for myself, I will not compromise the idea of my immortality against that of the enjoyments of a day. I am delighted in believing that I am immortal as God himself: and, independently of revelation, metaphysical ideas afford me a very strong hope of everlasting happiness, a hope which I will never renounce.*

* Two anecdotes, recorded of Montesquieu are, however, instances of his presence of mind in conversation, and of his talent for repartée. Being at Luxemburg, in the hall where the Emperor dined, Prince Kinski said to him: "You, Sir, who come from France, are greatly astonished to see the Emperor so poorly lodged." "Sir," replied Montesquieu, "I am not sorry to be in a country, where the subjects are better accommodated than their master."...Dining, when in England, at the Duke of Richmond's, the French Envoy, a stupid fellow, insisted that England was not so large as the Province of Guienne; but Montesquieu soon silenced the gentleman. In the evening, the Queen said to him, "I know you have taken our part against your countryman."—"Madam," replied Montesquieu. "I cannot imagine that the country over which you reign, is not a great one."

FROM THE HIVE.

To the Right honourable the Lord Chancellor, and my Lords the Judges.

The petition of a much abused, yet very innocent person, humbly sheweth, That your lordships' unhappy petitioner, though heretofore caressed, and acknowledged the most useful and valuable servant of mankind, is of late, through some unnatural prejudices of education or corruption of manners, become either shamefully neglected, or notoriously abused. And though on all hands his abilities in teaching, and bringing to perfection the greatest and most useful designs, are acknowledged; yet it is astonishing to see in what useless and trifling concerns he is engaged by some, and what vile and infamous drudgery he goes through for others. Some have employed him many years together in teaching them the art of managing a pack of cards to the best advantage: the consequence of which is ruin, if they do not succeed, and infamy, if they do. Others drag him at their heels from one place of idle amusement to another, never considering how he exhausts his spirits, and consumes himself in following them; nor suffering him to do them any substantial service, though they know him to be so well qualified for it. Nay, it can be proved that daily attempts are made upon the life of your said petitioner: some being so abandoned as to confess their barbarous and unnatural design to murder him, and openly and without shame, solicit their vile companions to join with them in the wicked design: insomuch that your petitioner is obliged to keep constantly armed with a formidable weapon: the terror of which, though it serves to keep some in awe, is yet not sufficient to deter these desperate wretches from their determined and constant attempts to kill him. The many cruel wounds your petitioner has received from the hand of these ruffians have brought upon him numberless evils and calamities; which, together with the weight of years he now labours under, render his present state a scene of misfortunes and misery.

* Montesquieu could not have closed his portrait with a more exalted or sublime sentiment! A few such writers would be of no small importance in the present age of Jacobinism and infidelity.

In the midst of his distresses, however, it is matter of great consolation to your said petitioner, that the wise and virtuous, some few of whom remain to comfort his old age, take every opportunity of cherishing and making much of him, and agree in commiserating his misfortunes, and lamenting the ill usage he receives from the aforesaid foolish and abandoned profligates. But notwithstanding these noble examples, such is the force of custom, and the prevalence of fashion, that every possible outrage still continues to be committed with impunity against the person of your abused petitioner, the most ancient and most useful servant of mankind.

It is therefore most humbly prayed, that your lordships will take the premises into your serious consideration, and in your great wisdom contrive some effectual means or laws to prevent or punish these gross insults, and unpardonable outrages, committed against an old man, past the best of his years, hourly declining, and daily expecting to resign his being to one who will never forget the injuries done to his predecessor.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall pray for the increase of your happiness to the end of

TIME.

GLEANINGS.

The celebrated Lord Lyttleton asked a clergyman in the country for the use of his pulpit for a young man he had brought down with him. I really know not, said the clergyman, how to refuse your lordship; yet if the young man preach *better* than me, my people will be dissatisfied with me afterwards, and if he preach *worse*, I don't think he is fit to preach at all.

NATURE'S MISTAKE.

Nature, in some people, seems to mistake the head for the heart, and makes the former soft, and the latter hard.

THE INVALID SAILOR'S CABIN.

A jovial and good-humoured lieutenant of the navy, who, after having served his country for thirty years, without having been able to get any higher promotion, and who had retired, to spend the evening of his life, in a little cottage in Wales, used to call it a cabin, which he would explain in this pleasant way:—I have heard, somewhere or another, that there was once a philosopher, who compared the world to an animal; its rivers were its veins, and so on:—now, I liken it to a first rate, in which I am sailing to another world.——I bustled about in it a good deal in the early part of my life; but now my infirmities won't let me visit deck as usual: therefore, I have retired to the cabin for the remainder of the voyage."

In the *Prospectus* of this Paper we promised to "point out the purest sources of religious knowledge;" and we are happy to find so good an opportunity of performing some part of it, by giving publicity to the following

PROPOSALS

FOR PRINTING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

LECTURES ON THEOLOGY.

BY CHARLES NISBET, D. D.

Late President of Dickinson College—in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

TO WHICH WILL BE PREFIXED,

An account of the

Life and Character of the Author.

BY THE REV. DR. SAMUEL MILLER,

OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

.....

To those who are acquainted with the character of the late Dr. Nisbet, no recommendation will be necessary to engage their patronage of the publication above proposed. It is well known, that his profound erudition, his eminent talents, and his fervent piety, rendered him, for many years, a distinguished light in the Church of Scotland, and a principal leader of what is there denominated the *Orthodox Party*. His high reputation induced the Trustees of *Dickinson College* to call him from the conspicuous and honorable sphere of usefulness which he occupied in his native country, to take the Presidency of that Institution. This important station he held for near twenty years, with a degree of honour to himself, and of advantage to the Seminary under his care, which those who have attended to the progress of American Literature well know. The Lectures now proposed to be published, were delivered at *Dickinson College*, to a select class of Theological Students, who heard them with so much gratification and instruction, that manuscript copies were eagerly sought after, and by a few obtained: and application was made to the venerable President, on his deathbed, for his consent to have the whole laid before the public, in a more correct and perfect form.

Although the body of Theological Instruction, now offered to the world, was not originally formed with a view to publication, and although it did not receive the advantage of the Author's last corrections; yet, unless his friends have formed a very partial and erroneous estimate of the work, it will be found to contain a rich fund of Theological Learning, which will abundantly repay the reader, and form a lasting monument to the honour of the Author.

.....

CONDITIONS.

I. The *work will be comprised in six octavo volumes, of about 500 pages each; and will be put to press as soon as a subscription offers sufficient to defray the expence of publication.*

II. It *will be printed on a handsome new Type and good Paper; and executed with neatness and accuracy.*

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SEXTON.

See o'er the lone church-yard the sexton slow plods,
With spade on his shoulder to dig up the clods;
To measure the space where a brother's to lay
In tranquil repose till the last awful day.

With a countenance harden'd by dint of his trade,
He sweats o'er his mattock, his crow-bar and spade;
Turns up the green sod and scoops out the deep cell,
And hears with indiff'rence the toll of the bell.

Not a corps resteth here in his mould'ring remains,
But a nitch in his journal he freely obtains;
He can point out the place where the jester lies hid,
And can tell you a tale of the tricks that he did:

Can trace the dark spot where the murderer doth sleep,
Where three headed monsters their vigils do keep,
In fierce howling murmurs the night pass away,
And shrieking quick vanish at opening of day.

He can shew you the grave all unweeded and wild,
Where lies freed from vexation, the sorrow-born child;
Where covered with scars the worn soldier can rest,
And the babe that ne'er hung on a mother's fond breast.

Can shew you the corner gen'rosity scorns,
O'ergrown with foul weeds, and all matted with thorns;
Where lies the lean miser oppress'd by their weight,
The curse of the widow, the orphan's fell hate.

Can lead to the tomb 'neath the cypress's shade,
Where oft the kind breeze with its branches has play'd;
There silently slumbers *Olinda's* fair form,
No longer the victim of life's troubled storm.——

Now Time's rolling chariot hath silver'd his head;
For three-score long years has he number'd the dead;
Toll'd their knell as they pass'd to the regions above,
To be shrouded in bliss by the Father of love.

ALONZO.

TO J. W. M.

How oft, *Amandus*, did you say,
I was your dearest friend;
Oft vow'd your love would ne'er decay,
'Till life itself should end.

And while you spoke, in smiles so sweet
Your countenance was drest;
That more than language can repeat,
Was in your looks exprest.

You then with joy each passing day,
With me your hours would spend;
Your actions prov'd you ev'ry way,
The Lover and the Friend.

'Twas then my fond believing heart,
From ev'ry care was free;
And my first wish was to impart,
Like happiness to thee.

O happiness! thou fleeting shade,
If mortals can be blest;
'Twas then by outward show betray'd,
I felt thee in my breast.

For then I thought *Amandus* true,
As my own heart sincere;
I thought myself beloved by you,
As most beloved you were.

And happy would I still remain,
Were you but what you seem'd;
O sad reverse! 'tis now too plain,
That I have only dream'd;—

For Oh! *Amandus* shuns me now,
The fond illusion's o'er;
He has forgot each friendly vow,
He thinks of me no more.

No more I see that smiling face,
Priz'd ev'ry joy above;
Indiff'rence now supplies the place,
Of friendship and of love

If chance conduct you to my sight,
No more your looks are gay;
My presence gives you no delight,
And transient is your stay.

With eager feet I oft repair,
To where we used to meet;
Alas! *Amandus* comes not there,
To join in converse sweet.

Yet still to you my faithful heart,
Is constant as the dove;
Your coldness can inflict a smart,
But can't destroy my love.

That love of one I thought the best,
And the sincerest friend,
Reigns undiminish'd in my breast,
And but with life shall end.

O friend once loving still so dear
Would you but faithful prove,
What endless pleasures would we share,
From friendship join'd with love. B

INSCRIPTION FOR AN OBELISK.

PATRIA REMINISCENS, PATRI HONORATO

GEORGIO WASHINGTON;

QUOD IN BELLO FULMEN, PACEM QUÆSIVIT;

IN AUCTORITATE SUPREMÂ,

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